

## PULPIT UTTERANCES.

## Home Love the Stepping-Stone to Life Eternal.

And Filial Affection a Balm for Anxiety and Distress—Transplanting the Family Altar from Earth to Heaven.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon on Sunday was: "The Old Folks' Visit," and the text, Genesis, xiv., 28: "I will go and see him before I die." Dr. Talmage said:

Jacob had long since passed the hundred-year milestone. People had in those days wonderful longevity, but we have had in later centuries very aged persons.

Among the greatest old men that we have any record of is Jacob, the patriarch of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. The most of them were cruel, jealous and unprincipled. His son Joseph was an exception, but he had not been heard from for a long while and the probability was that he was dead. But, as it is the custom in some houses now to keep a vacant place at the table, with plate and knife and fork and chair, for a deceased member of the family, so there had always been in old Jacob's heart a place for his departed son Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of one hundred and forty-five years having in their flight alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claws on his forehead and cheek and temples. The long white beard hangs down upon his chest. His eyes, somewhat dim, can see further when they are shut than when they are open, for he sees clear back to the time when Rachel, his beautiful wife, was kissing and the children shook the Oriental abode with their merriment.

While the centenarian sits there brooding over the past there is a rumbling of heavy wagons at the door, and the old man gets up and goes to the door to see who has come. And his sons, returned from Egypt, rush in and tell him that his son Joseph, instead of being dead, is living in the Egyptian palace and is next to the King, having all the investiture of Prime Minister in the greatest Empire of the world. "What did you say about my Joseph? You did not mean my dear son Joseph, did you? He has been dead many years. You did not mean him, did you?" But, fully reassured from the nervous shock, and assured that the good news is true, the tears begin their winding way down the cross roads of the wrinkled face, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he clasps his bent fingers together and says: "Joseph, my son, is yet alive, and I will go and see him before I die." It did not take the old man long to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best of clothes and a shepherd's wardrobe could afford and got into a wagon, and when that wagon and the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him it was an antithesis of rusticity and loyalty, simplicity and pomp, filial affection and paternal love, leaving us so much in doubt about whether we had better laugh or cry that we do both. So Jacob carried out the resolution of the text: "I will go and see him before I die."

What a strong and lasting tie is parental attachment! Was it not most time that Jacob forgot Joseph? Many years had come and gone; the hot suns of many summers had blazed upon the earth. The Nile again and again had overflowed. Harvests had been sown and reaped. Stars risen and set. Years of plenty; years of famine. But the intense attachment of the patriarch for his long-absent son is in the text overwhelmingly dramatic. Ah, that is the cord that can not be snapped, though it be pulled on by whole decades of years. When the child disappeared from this life the parents may have been but twenty-five years of age, and now they may be seventy-five. But the vision of the cradle and childish face, and the first utterances of the young lips are fresh to-day in spite of the passage of a half century. Jacob is as fresh in Joseph's heart as on the day when at seventeen years of age he disappeared from the homestead. Finding in our family record the story of an infant who died fifty years before, I asked my parents something about it, but they chiefly answered by a long, deep sigh. It was a subject yet of unbearable tenderness.

All this means that, however long our children are gone away, they are part of us, and the cord of endearment that reaches across the years will continue to hold us until it joins us together in the palace, as it did Jacob and Joseph. That is one thing that helps old people to be happy. They so realize that it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated. The question is often asked: "Will my children in Heaven always be children?" You want to get them back as they were when they left you. Well, Joseph must have been very much changed between the time that Jacob lost him and the time he found him—a ruddy lad at seventeen; now a middle-aged man, his forehead developed with the great business of State. But it was enough for the father that he had got his son back again, and of but little importance whether he looked younger or older. And parents will be satisfied if their son greet them at the door of the King's palace, whether their nature be cherub or full-grown angelhood. I think that celestial clime and the roll of those eternal years must make a change, but only from loveliness to more loveliness and from health to more radiant health. You need not expect that the darling that lay white and pining with membranous croup could live without glorious betterment in a land where there has never been a death and all the inhabitants shall live as long as God. But Joseph was Joseph, notwithstanding the palace, and your children will be your children, notwithstanding the raining splendors of an everlasting noon.

What a thrilling occasion was the visit of this old shepherd to his son, the Prime Minister! As the aged countryman sits in the palace and looks around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, he wished that Rachel, his wife, could have lived to come with him and visited their son in his great home. "Oh," he said, "if Rachel could have only seen all this!" Well, that is a good time when the old folks come to see you. Your little children stand around with eyes wide open and wonder how people can be so very old.

You ask them in the morning with positive interest how they rested. Joseph thought no more of aged Jacob when on the historical visit than you thought of the old people who visit you. Before they left your house I should not wonder if they had spelled your children with kindness, for grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent with their grand-

children than they were with you, and what wonders of revelation uncoil from the deep bombastic side-pocket of the one and from the sleeve of the other. Blessed is that home which the Christian old folks come to visit. Whatever it may be for architecture before they leave it is a palace. Though they come fifty times, the two most memorable visits are the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory as long as memory lasts, and you will often think where they sat and how they looked, and at what figure of the carpet and at what door-sill they gave you the final good-bye. Be not ashamed to introduce your father when he comes to town, though his manners be those of a shepherd, or your mother, though her hat bespeak no costly millinery. Joseph introduced his father in homespun to Pharaoh, the King. Good advice the wife of Theodosius, the Emperor, gave him: "Remember, oh husband! what lately you were and what you now are!"

Would to God that all sons treated their parents as well as Joseph treated his. If parents have large fortune, and are wise enough to keep their property in their own name, the heirs are respectful in their behavior. But if the parents are in famine, as Jacob was when Joseph sent for him, how they crowd the old man! How mortified they are because he will eat with his knife instead of his fork! How they are disgusted with his antediluvian habits! How they are provoked because he can not bear distinctly what they say! How long they will let him wear the old coat or hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of English grammar! How he hangs on! Seventy, and not gone yet! Seventy-five, and not gone yet! Eighty, and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They don't see any need of a doctor in his last illness, and go up to the drug-store and buy him a dose of something that makes him worse, and they economize on a coffin, beating the undertaker down to the last pout of charges, and giving a note for that reduced amount, which they never pay. I have officiated at the obsequies of aged people where the family were so inordinately resigned that I have been tempted to take my text from Proverbs: "The eye that mocketh at its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick out, and the eagles shall eat it." I congratulate those of you who have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Jacob and Joseph will be upon you forever.

While we see all around us outrageous behavior toward aged parents, and we have set forth in the Bible the unflinching measure of Micah, the Ephraimite, who stole eleven hundred shekels from his mother, and Abimelech's unnatural scheme to slay his father, history is aglow with many stories of filial fidelity. Epimenides, the warrior, found his greatest joy in entertaining his parents by the recital of his victories. Look there at Aeneas flying from burning Troy, his old father, Anchises, on his shoulder! Death was the penalty inflicted by the Aethenians upon unflinching conduct. The young Ruler, escorting across the wilderness the venerable Naomi! See John Lawrence burned at the stake in Colchester, while his children encouraged him, crying: "Lord, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" Christ, while yet suspended in excruciation, provides for the old age of his mother.

For the most of you the old folks have made their last visit to your house, or soon will make it, and I am wondering if they will ever visit you at the King's palace. I hope so. All the provision has been made for your arrival at the shining habitation of the King. "But," you say, "I am yet in the pit of sin." So was Joseph once in a pit. "But," you say, "I am in a prison of iniquity." So was Joseph once in a prison. "But," you say, "I had grown up without a mother's care." So had Joseph. But he denied maternal attentions. "But," you say, "I am not in the land of my nativity." So was Joseph far away from home. "But," you say, "I have been exasperated by betrayal." Did not Joseph's brothers sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? But God brought him to embalmized residence, and if you will trust in Christ Jesus you all will be emancipated.

Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from the neighboring mansion to see you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne-room and find you living with the King! They are coming up the steps, and the epauletted guards of the palace rush in and say: "Your father has come! Your mother has come!" And when you meet them under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway when Jacob and Joseph fell on each other's necks, and wept a good while. But how changed the old folks! Their cheeks smoothed into the flesh of a little child, their bent backs straightened into immortal symmetry, and their step fleet as that of a roe on the mountains, as they say: "We heard by a spirit passing this way from earth that you were dissipated and wayward after we left the world; but God has heard our prayer, and now you are here, and as we went to see you before we died now we come to see you after our ascension." And father will say: "Mother, Joseph is yet alive," and mother will say: "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will recall all their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and their midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite the old passage with which on earth they cheered their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee."

## MORAL CAUSES OF INFIDELITY.

The Path of Obedience the Way to the Throne of the Everlasting King.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows preached last evening in Central Music Hall upon the subject: "The Moral Causes of Infidelity." He took for his text:

"Then said Jesus to his disciples, if any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."—Matt. xvi., 24.

In speaking to-night of the causes of infidelity, I emphasize those that are moral. No serious and sincere mind will question that Christianity is a religion which requires holiness, self-denial, the surrender of the human will to the will of God. At the root of much of the prevalent infidelity is the disinclination of the human mind to accept a religion requiring humility and self-sacrifice, a religion that puts its standard so high that when a man professing it falls into flagrant sin the opposers of religion sneer at such "hypocrisy," and exclaim, "Pretty Christian, he!" Men do not naturally enjoy the divine government. As Paul said: "They do not like to retain

God in their thoughts." Many here know the state both of the loyal and the disloyal heart, and how disloyalty passed into loyalty through the straight and narrow gate of sacrifice. It was long ago said that men question the truth of Christianity because they hate the practice of it. There is no want of charity in this declaration. Any knowledge of the human heart reveals an unwillingness to accept a higher truth which requires higher living. Infidelity in its moral qualities is very old. It is found in the church as well as out.

The Jews of Christ's time were believers in a great multitude of truths, but when the truth in the person of Christ came before them they rose up and crucified Him. If men could be induced to study the evidences of Christianity with no thought that religion is a personal matter most of them would readily assent to the clear, close-linked and massy argumentation by which Bishop Butler, and Paley and Whately, Coleridge, Christlieb and many others have defended the system of Christian truth. President Finney used to hold meetings at Rochester by invitation of the Judges, when he addressed the lawyers who came to him in large numbers on the nature of God's moral government as taught by Christianity, and he always carried their intellectual assent. There his power ended. Then the power of prayer, the mighty persuasions of the Holy Ghost, were needed that the men whose minds had assented to the truth should consent to it with their wills. The evidences of Christianity may grow clearer and clearer till they are like the legend of God's glory which is written out on the starry heavens, and so long as human nature is unchanged there will be skeptics enough.

I mention as a second cause of infidelity, what is only a specification under the first, that so many men hold practical truth in a speculative or theoretical way. There is no doctrine of the Bible that is not to have an outcome in life. When men begin to hold these truths as mere subjects of debate and speculation, from that moment they begin to be dead truths, losing vital hold on the character. They are like undigested food in the stomach, not transformed into blood and muscular action. The needs of the soul are not met by dead truths, and every mind stuffed with them is predisposed to skepticism. He gets little comfort from these abstractions and is tempted to doubt whether, after all, there is in them any reality. I do not wonder at it. It is according to that law which Christ announced when He said that whosoever should do the will of God should know of the doctrine.

The hardest sort of a Christian to transform into a skeptic is not the man who knows the most, but the man who obeys the most. Infidelity has no chance with the humblest disciple who follows the Master in acts of loving service. But a German professor of theology, whose brain is a cyclopaedia, turning Christianity into a problem merely, drying up the sources of spiritual life, may be swayed by the winds of unbelief. Now the law which holds with the believer holds also, and to a greater degree, with the unbeliever. He palliates. His own skepticism while refusing to do the truth he already believes. He puts himself outside the action of the principle which insures a growing faith only to those who surrender their lives to the verities they accept. How many men here believe they ought to repent, and they will not. How many know that they ought to seek the conscious favor of God in prayer, and they will not. They are waiting, it seems, to understand all about these mysteries of religion. They want a perfect theory before they will offer an imperfect obedience. They will not worship till their temple of truth is finished, every stone from the everlasting hills of God in its place, every buttress impregnable, every window clear-shining with the light of Heaven, every pinnacle wrought out in perfect beauty as it springs toward the skies. They are like some crazed Italian who should refuse to worship in the Milan Cathedral because, though it gleams over the Lombard plains like a resplendent crown, there are unfinished portions in this white wilderness of marble, ornaments not in place, and airy pinnacles that yet wait some saintly statue to complete their Heavenward soaring. Such a temple of faith was never erected, and never will be till Heaven and earth are one and all the shadows of the Infinite are dispelled in the light of God. Even Paul, the greatest of believers, confessed: "We know in part," but partial knowledge should ever be directed toward obedience. The foundations of this temple of faith are laid in every man's consciousness, and it rests with him to build thereon or not. He knows that it is right to do right. However dark the clouds that gather, as one has said, let him cling to this rock. Let him resolve to carry into action the truth he does know. Let the man of this Nation who now disown the Christian religion resolve this hour thus to do, and before to-morrow night we should see a nation of penitents surrounding the cross of Jesus; for every man knows that he ought to love God supremely and his neighbor equal with himself. He knows that he ought to regard the rights of others as his own; that he ought to be gentle in his spirit, forgiving under injuries, grateful for blessings received. Let him go forth into to-morrow's work resolved that whatever temptation besets him he will show forth the spirit of this new life. Let him struggle through one day with this ideal as a pillar of fire before him, and when the day closes, and in the quietness of home he reviews his experiences, a sense of loneliness and weakness may creep over him; he will feel that he is breaking away from the moorings of the familiar past and his soul will crave companionship and help, and the chances are that he will fall on his knees and say that "O God, I feel my need of Thee. I know that I can not carry the burden of a holy life alone. I see how strong sin has become within me. Help, or all is vain." But approaching God in prayer he may feel that he is coming to an abstraction. He is seeking help of a misty remoteness, and he will long for a personal as in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is no abstraction, but a present Saviour, in Whom, as revealed by the word and the spirit, all needs are satisfied. The path of obedience is the Appian Way leading straight to the throne of the everlasting King. Think not, that any one who walks it shall be left without Divine aid. The earth shall crumble to ashes and be blown through the universe and the vast heavens become a hideous panorama of blazing worlds before He refuses to encourage the first effort of the obedient spirit to listen to the simplest cry of faith.

## KHARTOUM CAPTURED.

Lord Wolsey Telegraphs That Khartoum Has Fallen and General Gordon is a Prisoner.

General Stewart's Forces, Unless Speedily Reinforced, Will Never Recross the Desert—Meeting of the British Cabinet Called.

GENERAL GORDON'S FATE.

LONDON, February 6.—A decided sensation was created here yesterday by the reported capture of Khartoum. There were all sorts of reports in circulation as to the manner in which it fell and the fate of General Gordon, but nothing definite could be learned.

As the news spread throughout the city crowds began to gather in front of the War Office, newspaper offices and other news centers, for the purpose of obtaining the latest information. The report was subsequently confirmed by the announcement that a dispatch had been received at the War Office from General Wolsey, dated at Korti, in which he states that a native courier from Metemneh had arrived at his headquarters with the startling information that Colonel Wilson had returned from Khartoum, to which place he had been dispatched with a small force on the 26th inst. and reported that Khartoum had been captured by the enemy and that General Gordon had been made a prisoner of war.

Colonel Wilson said that all along his retreat from the ill-fated city he was constantly harassed and subjected to a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. Many of the shots struck the steamer, but without doing serious damage. Everything went comparatively well until within a short distance of Metemneh when his vessel ran ashore on one of the many islands and was totally wrecked. Colonel Wilson states that Khartoum fell on the 26th of January and he arrived off the city two days after its fall. He expressed the belief that the capture of the city was brought about by the treachery of some of the natives that General Gordon had pressed into his service.

The courier reports that the fall of Khartoum has caused a general feeling of gloom throughout General Stewart's camp and that fears were freely expressed that unless reinforcements soon arrived their fate would, in all probability, be soon sealed.

THE REPORT CONFIRMED.

The confirmation of the fall of Khartoum has caused the wildest excitement throughout the city, far exceeding in intensity any that has been aroused by any of the startling events of the past few weeks. The Government officials and the sympathizers, who had been waiting for news of the city, were greatly excited, and expressed their belief that Gordon has not yet been driven from the citadel, in the center of the city. Mr. Gladstone, on learning of General Wolsey's dispatch, proceeded at once to his official residence in Downing Street, and immediately issued a summons to the members of his Cabinet requesting their presence at once.

CABINET SESSION.

LONDON, February 7.—General Lord Wolsey has been in almost constant communication with the War Office since the news of the fall of Khartoum, and messages interchanging views on the situation in Egypt have been flashed to and fro as rapidly as possible. The Cabinet officials seem fully alive to the danger of further delay, and are actively discussing and devising means by which prompt relief may be afforded the little army in Egypt.

The latest dispatch from General Wolsey received at the War Office yesterday is couched in such terms as to leave no doubt that the situation of the British troops is desperate. He says that he is in receipt of a communication from General Sir Redvers Buller, the commanding officer at Gub-i, urging the immediate forwarding of reinforcements.

General Buller states that since the news of the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi's forces the enemy has become very bold and defiant. At intervals they approach in large bodies to within a few hundred rods of the British position, and he expresses the fear that should they combine for another attack, they may overwhelm and annihilate his small force. "Of course," adds the General, "I can embark my forces on the steamers here, but I have determined not to abandon the position which was so gallantly obtained by my predecessor, while one of us is left alive, unless otherwise commanded."

General Wolsey telegraphs that in the face of this information he has concluded to ask further instructions from the War Office and in the meantime remain quiescent.

Mr. Gladstone, upon being acquainted with the tenor of this dispatch, ressumed the members of the Cabinet. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was Khartoum difficulty I thought there was little hope and so I did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: "There goes a man who will be dead within a year." I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him. "Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in the urine."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured four years ago and is well, and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.

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## EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind, and the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued seem as you can sustain."

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting my kidneys, that I could not do anything but lie in bed, and I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of the most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time was caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting on very thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was willing to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its prominent men it has carried off; Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Folger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible maldy were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health, and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results, his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfit for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so I did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

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This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neurasthenia.

It is an unflinching remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, produce constipation—other Iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Languor, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT!

R. J. ROBINSON takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and customers that he is again at his old stand on Liberty St.; building new, and everything in the latest style.

GROCERIES of all kinds and fruits in their season.

The Restaurant and Dining Hall is complete for ladies and gentlemen. Hot Tea and Coffee, Bread and Cakes. Fine Cakes made to order.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! He has arriving daily L. W. Councilman's best Bulk and Can Oysters. Large, plump and clean—the finest in the market and as cheap as are sold by any other house in the country. A large variety of

Canned Goods, Notions, Cigars and Tobacco.

Everybody come and see us in our New Rooms. A share of patronage respectfully solicited.

R. J. ROBINSON.

55 EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND, O. 114 and 115 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK.

(48 Nov. 26-187.)

## WHITE SEAL BURNING OIL

THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH ESTIMATES THAT 20,000 LIVES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE KEROSENE QUALITIES OF PETROLEUM. IF EVERY HOUSEHOLD WOULD ADOPT THE WHITE SEAL OIL FOR FAMILY USE, NONE OF THESE UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS WOULD OCCUR.

White Seal Burning Oil HAS NONE OF THE DEFECTS USUALLY FOUND IN COMMON OILS. IT CANNOT BE EXPLODED, DOES NOT CHART THE WICK, WILL NOT SMOKE, EMITS NO OFFENSIVE ODOR, AND PREVENTS THE BREAKING OF CHIMNEYS.

White Seal Burning Oil IS A HIGH OIL FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES. IT IS AS LIGHT IN COLOR AS PURE SPRING WATER. IT GIVES A STRONG, STEADY LIGHT, AND BURNS MUCH LONGER THAN COMMON OILS.

IF THIS OIL IS NOT SOLD IN YOUR VICINITY SEND YOUR ORDER DIRECT TO US FOR A BARREL OR A CASE CONTAINING TWO FIVE GALLON CANS.

BROOKS OIL CO.,

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NEVADA'S GOVERNOR found some of his wife's diamonds a few days since in a tin box among some rubbish. The jewels were supposed to have been stolen years ago.—Chicago Herald.